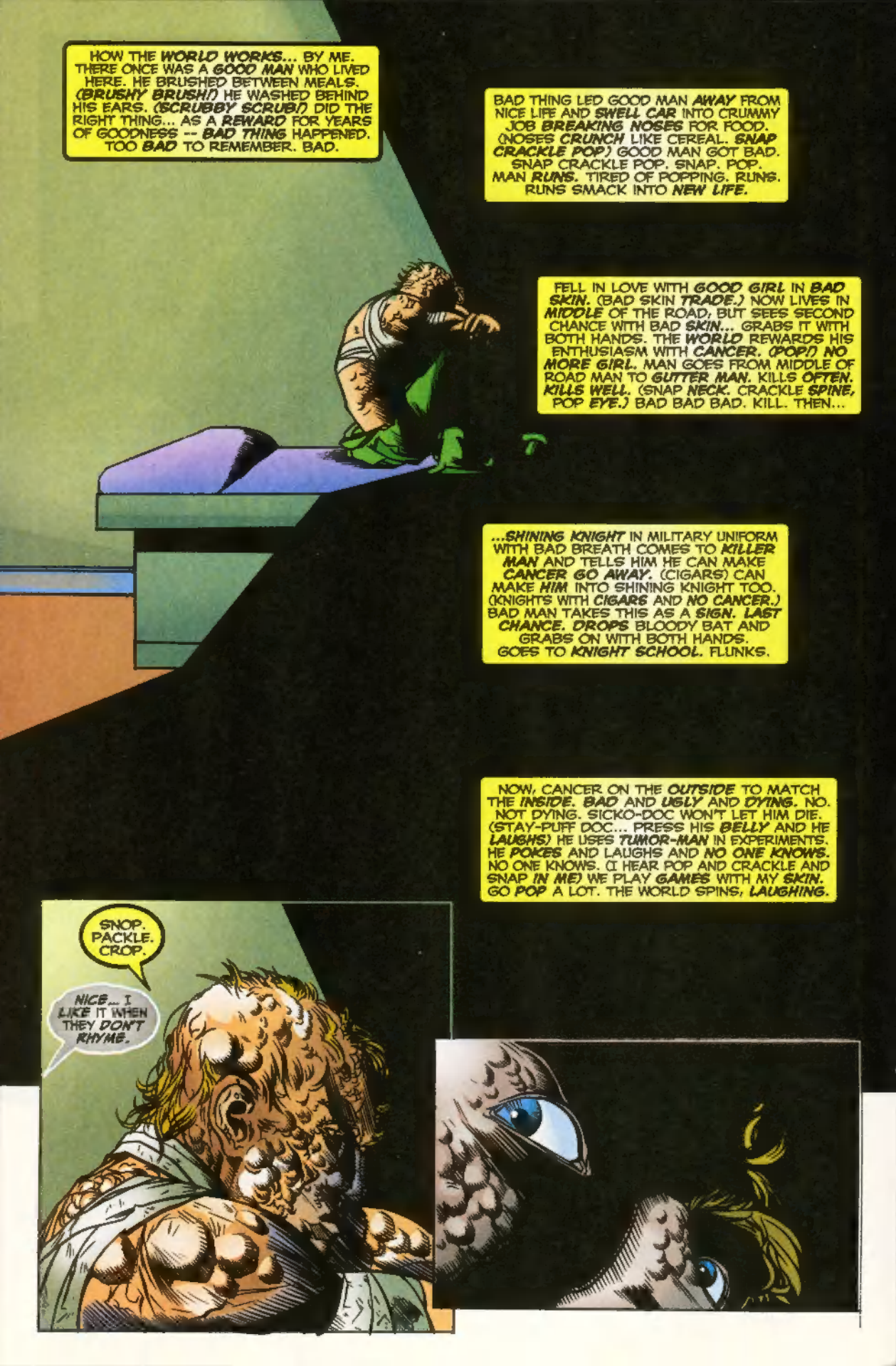
I'M DOCTOR KILLEBREW. I RUN THIS FACILITY FOR OUR GOOD FRIENDS OVER AT DEPARTMENTS H AND K.
WELCOME TO THE WORK-SHOP.
I WANT TO DIE. PLEASE KILL ME.
HA HA HA! HE WANTS --
WHOO-HOO! I NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE! IF I HAD A PENNY -- RIGHT, A-MAN?
HEH HEH HEH!
YES, SIR... THAT WOULD BE A LOT OF PENNIES.
LET ME MAKE THIS SIMPLE FOR YOU, WILSON... I KNOW HOW THICK-HEADED MERCENARY TYPES CAN BE.
YOU FLUNKED OUT OF SUPER HERO SCHOOL, YES? WELL, I'M THE MAN WHO COLLECTS THE REJECTS... AND FINDS A USE FOR THEM...
...PARTS OF THEM, AT LEAST.
I KNOW THAT YOU CAME TO THE HOSPICE EXPECTING TO DIE WITH SOME DIGNITY... BUT YOU SEE, I HAVE WORK TO DO, IMPORTANT WORK, AND FOR THAT I NEED TEST SUBJECTS...
...POOF! YOU'RE A TEST SUBJECT.
JUST A LITTLE LEVITY... IT HELPS BREAK THE ICE.
CHCHK
VREEET
JUST SO YOU DON'T FEEL BETRAYED, THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT HAS NO CLUE WHAT GOES ON HERE... IT'S MY OWN COTTAGE INDUSTRY.
VRRRMM
I GET RAW MATERIALS, THEY GET A CLEAR CONSCIENCE AND A PLACE TO PUT THEIR TRASH.
EVERYBODY WINS.
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, Mr. WILSON...
...WHATEVER I WANT.
SAY AHHHHHH...


HOW THE WORLD WORKS... BY ME. THERE ONCE WAS A GOOD MAN WHO LIVED HERE. HE BRUSHED BETWEEN MEALS. (BRUSHY BRUSH!) HE WASHED BEHIND HIS EARS. (SCRUBBY SCRUB!) DID THE RIGHT THING... AS A REWARD FOR YEARS OF GOODNESS -- BAD THING HAPPENED. TOO BAD TO REMEMBER. BAD.
BAD THING LED GOOD MAN AWAY FROM NICE LIFE AND SWELL CAR INTO CRUMMY JOB BREAKING NOSES FOR FOOD. (NOSES CRUNCH LIKE CEREAL. SNAP CRACKLE POP.) GOOD MAN GOT BAD. SNAP CRACKLE POP. SNAP. POP. MAN RUNS. TIRED OF POPPING. RUNS. RUNS SMACK INTO NEW LIFE.
FELL IN LOVE WITH GOOD GIRL IN BAD SKIN. (BAD SKIN TRADE.) NOW LIVES IN MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, BUT SEES SECOND CHANCE WITH BAD SKIN... GRABS IT WITH BOTH HANDS. THE WORLD REWARDS HIS ENTHUSIASM WITH CANCER. (POP!) NO MORE GIRL. MAN GOES FROM MIDDLE OF ROAD MAN TO GUTTER MAN. KILLS OFTEN. KILLS WELL. (SNAP NECK. CRACKLE SPINE, POP EYE.) BAD BAD BAD. KILL. THEN...
...SHINING KNIGHT IN MILITARY UNIFORM WITH BAD BREATH COMES TO KILLER MAN AND TELLS HIM HE CAN MAKE CANCER GO AWAY. (CIGARS) CAN MAKE HIM INTO SHINING KNIGHT TOO. (KNIGHTS WITH CIGARS AND NO CANCER.) BAD MAN TAKES THIS AS A SIGN. LAST CHANCE. DROPS BLOODY BAT AND GRABS ON WITH BOTH HANDS. GOES TO KNIGHT SCHOOL. FLUNKS.
NOW, CANCER ON THE OUTSIDE TO MATCH THE INSIDE. BAD AND UGLY AND DYING. NO. NOT DYING. SICKO-DOC WON'T LET HIM DIE. (STAY-PUFF DOC... PRESS HIS BELLY AND HE LAUGHS) HE USES TUMOR-MAN IN EXPERIMENTS. HE POKES AND LAUGHS AND NO ONE KNOWS. NO ONE KNOWS. (I HEAR POP AND CRACKLE AND SNAP IN ME) WE PLAY GAMES WITH MY SKIN. GO POP A LOT. THE WORLD SPINS, LAUGHING.
SNOP. PACKLE. CROP.
NICE... I LIKE IT WHEN THEY DON'T RHYME.